



# The haunted Potato



👁 552 ✓ 80 ★ 99

## Chapter 1 by Panda Talks

That potato. It, it moves. Every night it changes it's position. I don't know what to do.

## Chapter 2 by Arturo Vicente Garza



Sometimes, I even hear voices coming from it.

I asked a friend to stay the night once, he didn't wake up. The only evidence was a small sprout emerging from his throat.

## Chapter 3 by Sam I am



My friend was now a potato zombie, seeking another human to turn into a potato zombie. His brown eyes stared at me and I knew I was going to be his next victim.

## Chapter 4 by the smiling man



He slowly started walking towards me. I couldn't move. He was right next to me. He slowly whispered in my ear:

Being a potato zombie is so...peeling.

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Chapter 5 by Weirdfriend1

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"Oh God!" I screamed "You're a bad pun spewing potato zombie!" So repulsed by his joke I punched him in the stomach. He groaned reaching for me with his French fry fingers.

### Chapter 6 by Jingle Jangums



In a panic, I hit him with a chair and red ketchup oozed out of the wound on his head.

"Why did you hit me, I thought we were best spuds..." he groaned. It was then I knew there was truly nothing left of my friend. There was only one thing I could do to save myself. I had to mash him.

### Chapter 7 by Will Coloff



I ran downstairs and grabbed a potato masher, my friend came down the stairs right after me.

"C'mon brotato, don't be a buzzkill"

"Sorry!" I yelled as I hit him with the masher

### Chapter 8 by Hassanein Khaki



To my dismay, the potato masher had no effect. There lay my zombified friend, his mushy insides regenerating and his potato skin growing back. I stared in horror as the face that was mashed up just a few seconds ago became visible again. When his face was finally fixed, he looked at me and said, "Feeling a little mashy brotato?"

I screamed in terror and threw the masher at him. I stared as it phased throw his chest and fell out behind him. With a look of dismay on his face he addressed me and said, "That wasn't very nice of you spuddy, I thought you were a sweet potato!"

The chase was on and I ran as fast as I could. Out the door and into the woods.

the end

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